[illegible] half so new or so good as what you get from home: only I will tell you what would be the most extraordinary piece of news in the world to [illegible] body who was not a parent, namely, that even though I lived at Hemsington during a considerable part of the year, I have never seen the habitation.

Well in Surrey

Dec. 2 1851.

I wished to go with Vincent, & at last could not prevail on myself to leave him here for a day to go without him. Make my kindest remembrances to your husband, and believe me ever dear Nanny,

My Dear Nanny ever kind & good,

most affectionately yours,

P.S. I cannot write even so short a letter as this without feeling my heart & cheeks flustered & flushed, before it is ended

Do not think ill of me for not writing. Besides other cares & troubles, I have been attending day & night to dear Vincent, who has suffered ever since the spring, till now, with an alarming and

wasting illness, and I have scarcely been
able even to think of any thing else. He
is now out of Danger, in consequence of coming
[redacted] beautiful English village, with its
milder air (in a valley) and he has been
getting some flesh again on his ribs with the
cod-liver oil, which alas! did no good to
poor Mary. — I involuntarily say "English"
village from a sense of your being in America,

but it truly deserves that epithet for its trees, its meadows, & its remnant of old church, built in the eleventh century; to say nothing of a spring remarkable for its crystal clearness: and though doubtless you can get most of these things, & greater ones, in America, you cannot get a village church seven hundred years old. We quit it in a few days to return to Kensington, and from thence go to the sea-side for the

(Rec.d, N. Orleans, 18 Jan. 1852.)

winter, your friend Vincent (who is as amiable, you know, as yourself) being still very delicate, and every care being in request for him, of whatever sort. I wrote, as you will have heard, to my cousin of whom you were so kind as to send me so much intelligence, & who answered me in a letter which shewed her to be a very intelligent woman, but I am ashamed to say I am but now closing a reply to it, the greater part of which has been written for months; so absorbed, and also so ill myself, have I been, for I too have been all that time in the hands of the Doctor. I do not pretend to send you any news, for I have